Paid

On Tuesday, November 26th.

☞ *Will be published. Price Sixpence. And sold everywhere.*

"PUNCH" ALMANAC FOR 1896.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PRICE THREE PENCE. Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

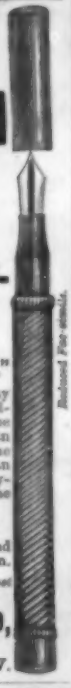
☞ NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

CADBURY'S COCOA

ABSOLUTELY PURE THEREFORE BEST. NO CHEMICALS USED.

HOWARD
BEDFORD.
Ploughs, Harrows, Haymakers, Horse Rakes, Mowers, Straw Trussers, Fodder Presses, Oil Engines & Light Railway Wagons.

THE SWAN FOUNTAIN PEN.



Manufactured in three sizes at

10/6, 16/6, & 25/-

HOW

MR. HALL CAINE WROTE THE "MANXMAN."

"Yes, if the fact is of any "consequence, you are very wel- "come to say that I wrote the "'MANXMAN' with the Swan "Fountain Pen. It has become "quite indispensable to me. I can "use it with ease and certainty any- "where and at any time, even in the "dark, in bed, and on horseback.

"HALL CAINE."

We only require your steel pen and handwriting to select a suitable pen.

Complete Illustrated Catalogue sent post free on application.

MABIE, TODD, & BARD,
93, Cheapside, E.C.;
or, 95a, Regent Street, W.

FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT

FRUIT

Nothing so profitable and easy to grow.
80 Acres of Saleable Trees.

SEEDS

THE BEST PROCURABLE.
Lists Free.

ROSES

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS.
Bushes in variety. Packing and Carriage Free for cash with order, 6s. per doz., 40s. per 100.
All other Nursery Stock carriage forward.

ROSES in POTS From 15/- a doz.

Ornamental Trees, 21 Acres.
Four Acres of Glass.
Clematis (80,000) from 15/- per doz.

N.B.—Single Plants are sold at slightly increased prices.

GENERAL CATALOGUE
(Over 170 pages of Nursery Stock, artistically produced, containing some hundreds of Illustrations, and full of valuable information, free on receipt of 8d. for postage

RICHARD SMITH & Co. WORCESTER

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH.

SCRUBB'S Cloudy Household **AMMONIA**
MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.
Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.
Invaluable for all Toilet Purposes.
Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.
Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing, Etc.
Restores the Colour to Carpets.
Cleans Plate and Jewellery.
1s. Bottle for six to ten Baths. Of all Grocers, Chemists, Etc.
SCRUBB & CO., 32b Southwark Street, S.E.
MANUFACTURERS OF SCRUBB'S ANTISEPTIC SKIN SOAP

DIAMOND ORNAMENTS.

The Choicest Quality in the World.
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE.
GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY,
Show Rooms: 112, REGENT ST., W.
(ADJOINING STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY.)

SAMUEL BROTHERS.

SCHOOL OUTFITS.

"Eton." (Jacket and Vest.) For boy of 8 years, 31/- Trousers, 6/-

Messrs. SAMUEL BROTHERS respectfully invite an inspection of their Showrooms by Parents and Guardians who are desirous of Outfitting their Juvenile charges for any of the Public or Private Colleges, Schools, &c. The requirements of Youths and Boys have for very many years engaged the closest attention of Messrs. SAMUEL BROTHERS, with the result that this important Department of their business has attained very large dimensions; so that every want in Suits, Overcoats, Hosiery, Boots, &c., is fully met, and durable qualities ensured.

PATTERNS AND CATALOGUE free on application.

SAMUEL BROTHERS,
MERCHANT TAILORS, OUTFITTERS, &c.,
65 & 67, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.
Workshops: Pilgrim Street, Ludgate Hill; and 40, Gray's Inn Road.

SMOKE THE CELEBRATED

"PIONEER"

SWEETENED TOBACCO,
KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD.

MANUFACTURED BY THE
RICHMOND CAVENDISH Co., LTD.,
AT THEIR BONDED WORKS, LIVERPOOL.

And retailed by all first-class tobacconists at home and abroad.

FOR
Sore Throats
"You cannot use a better gargle than CONDY."
Sir Morell Mackenzie, M.D.
Sold by all Chemists and Stores.
Gargle with CONDY'S
Remedial Fluid.

PURE CUMBERLAND LEAD
ADAPTED FOR THE
PATENT EVER-POINTED PENCIL.
Sizes, H, M, VS, W.
S. MORDAN & CO.
PATENTEES AND MANUFACTURERS. LONDON.
Registered Trade Mark.
"S. MORDAN & CO."

THE . .
KODET

The Latest Camera for Glass Plates.

Can be changed into Film Camera by the substitution of Roll Holder for Double Dark Slides. Weighs only 2 lb.

ADVANTAGES:
Lightness, Compactness, Portability, First-Class Workmanship, Ease and Rapidity of Manipulation.
Prices from £3 3s. to £4 10s.
Send for Illustrated Price List.

EASTMAN
Photographic Materials Co. Ltd.,
115-117 Oxford St., LONDON.
Manufacturers of the celebrated "Kodak."

ORIENT COMPANY'S YACHTING CRUISES

by the steamships LUSITANIA, 3,877 tons register, and GARONNE, 3,876 tons register, from London as under:—

For TENERIFFE, the WEST INDIA ISLANDS, BERMUDA, &c., leaving 15th Jan., returning 17th March.

For MOROCCO, SICILY, PALESTINE, and EGYPT, leaving 30th February, returning 17th April.

For SOUTH OF SPAIN, GREECE, CONSTANTINOPLE, &c., leaving 31st March, returning 16th May.

For SICILY, VENICE, CORFU, ALGERIA, &c., leaving 22nd April, returning 30th May.

String band, electric light, electric bells, hot and cold baths, high-class cuisine. Managers: F. Green & Co., Anderson, Anderson & Co. Head Offices, Fenchurch Avenue. For passage apply to the latter firm, as 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C., or to the West-End Branch Office, 16, Cockspur Street, S.W.

THIRTY-GUINEA TOURS

TO PALESTINE, EGYPT, CONSTANTINOPLE, AND ATHENS, on the s.s. St. Sunniva, accompanied by Mr. Perowne. Lectures by Dean Farrar, Professor Sayce, and Dr. Cunningham Geikie. Fare includes return ticket to Marseilles viâ Calais, and thirty days' cruise. Dates of departure, December 20, January 21, February 21, March 30. Particulars from Secretary, 5, Endsleigh Gardens, London, N.W.

HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, BRIGHTON.

"The finest and most luxurious Seaside Hotel in the World."
Charges moderate.
Proprietors: THE CORDON HOTELS, LTD.

Bedsteads & Bedding.

Tottenham Court Rd.

CALLARD & BOWSER'S
BUTTER-SCOTCH
(The Celebrated Sweet for Children.)
"Really wholesome Confectionery."—*Lancet*

Recommended by 3,067 Newspapers.
MACNIVEN & CAMERON'S RENOWNED PENS.
6d. & 1s. per Box at all Stationers.
Sample Box of all kinds, 1s. 1d. by Post.
Waverley Works, EDINBURGH.

EVERY BLADE BEARS THE CORPORATE MARK
M
TRUSTWORTHY
AS A GUARANTEE OF EXCELLENCE.

MAPPIN & WEBB'S
PATENT SCREW-FAST KNIVES.
2, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C., and
158 to 162, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Three Impostors, a novel ("Key-note" Series) by Arthur Machen, opens well, which, by the way, is more than the book does, being a bit st ff; but, though it has the machens of a good story in it, there is very little worth reading after page 64.

This same remark applies to the *Adventures of Captain Horn*, by Frank A. Stockton, which you may just finish at page 187, having got the best of it. This Horn plays only one monotonous tune, without variations.

The Carved Lions, by Mrs. Molesworth (Macmillan). "This," quoth the Baron, "ought to be a pretty dish to set before the children as Christmas fare. There should be a frontispiece of Mrs. M. carving the lions, and asking the juveniles 'whether they 'd like a slice of the fore-paw, or would prefer a little lion's-tail soup?'"

Good, says a Baronite, to G. A. Henty,
Of thrilling adventures you 've given us plenty.
Per Blackie and Sons *Through Russian Snows*
He takes his Nap. Then against all foes
A Knight of the White Cross gaily goes
(The White Cross is *per* Blackie too),
Then comes a tale of the Great Tip-poo.

But here the Baronite pauses for breath, foreseeing uneasy change of metre, for *The Tiger of Mysore, alias* Tippoo Sahib, is a difficult party to be caught in a short line—so this Baronite discardeth verse and deponeth that this tiger is a playful *sobriquet* for Tippoo Sahib, who has captured the father of the juvenile hero, and this new "tale of a tiger" records how a brave boy went out, like *Japhet*, "in search of a father," and how he found him. Cheer, boys, cheer! Curtain.

The modern system of competitive examination is somewhat a drawback to romance. In these days no two schoolboys could thoroughly enjoy running away to serve under a foreign flag, as our two heroes did in fighting *For Life and Liberty*, by Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N. (Blackie and Son), during the American War. Probably they would feel the stripes and see stars on their return. N.B. The "Gordon Stables," is this a company limited? and any connection with "Gordon Hotels"? My Baronitess only asks for information.

All varieties of Tommy and Harry will be delighted with the collection of *Fifty-two Stories of Life and Adventure for Boys*, edited by Alfred Miles (always thought Alfred Miles was celebrated for his "sixteen shilling trousers"), and published by Hutchinson & Co. Any number of miles is traversed by the various adventuresome heroes. The companion book of *Fifty-two Stories of Life and Adventure for Girls*, by the same editor, is meant for the advancing young woman who won't be left out of anything. The domestic hearth being somewhat cramped for action, the girls of to-day wander very far afield, perhaps with prospects of enjoying a "*Wunderjahr*"—which is a poetic term for the feminine sowing of wild oats.

The twenty-first edition of *Hadyn's Dictionary of Dates*, issued by Ward, Lock, and Bowden (why not Ward, Lock, and Key?), modestly announces that it "contains the History of the World to the Autumn of 1895." That is a bold claim, but an hour or less spent in turning over its pages shivers scepticism. Within its compass, and at its price, it is not too much to say that it is one of the most marvellous and most valuable volumes issued from the press. If any modest householder wants to form a library, and has neither the means, the time, nor the shelves wherewith to accumulate a miscellaneous collection of the ordinary kind, let him save up sixteen shillings to buy *Hadyn's Dictionary of Dates*, and there he is; or, to be more precise, there 's his library. By a coincidence, full of happy omen for the *Dictionary*, it first saw the light in 1841, the natal year of *Mr. Punch*. It began a sturdy, bulky babe of 568 pages, smaller in size and larger in type than later editions. It has grown into a volume of 1216 pages, closely printed, each one crowded with miscellaneous information reaching to the ends of the earth. "If," my Baronite says, "there 's anything you want to know, and you can't find all about it in *Hadyn's Dictionary of Dates*, you can console yourself with the conviction that it 's not worth knowing."

"What price *Winifred Mount?*" Answer Richard Pryce. This is a "new edition" brought out by Innes. The story excites a certain amount of curiosity up to end of Chapter XIV. After this the reader, if inclined for exercise, may indulge in skipping, and, indeed, may go by leaps and bounds till he alights on Chapter XXXVI., when he will learn all that *Winifred Mount* wanted to know, which isn't very much. "Decidedly disappointing. Next please!" quoth the

Judicious Baron de Book-Worms.

THE SKITTISH SKIRT-DANCERS.

A Tip-Top Novel.

[N.B. All my novels are.—Gr-nt All-n.]

INTRODUCTION.

(*Once read, abused ever afterwards.*)

This is a Tip-Top Novel. I sell it to all who have gold enough, silver enough, or copper enough to pay for it.

What do I mean by a Tip-Top Novel? Well, of late there has been a great flow of stories which have struck a false key-note. A Tip-Top Novel is one written by myself.

Hitherto, owing to the stern necessity laid upon the modern seer for earning his daily bread, and incidentally of getting a publisher to assist him in promulgating his prophetic opinions (*i.e.*, the opinions out of which he makes a profit—my own *Woman who Did* is in its 18th edition, and I net price a good deal of the proceeds), the really great works of fiction have never been written. I, myself, have had to eke out a precarious livelihood from short stories and scrappy science whilst my inward thoughts were tearing me to masterpieces. But it's a John Lane that has no turning, and at length I have found him, or (to be accurate) it was the *Woman who Did*. In the future, just to mark the distinction between the books which are mine and those which other people write to satisfy mere editors of periodicals, I propose to add the words "A Tip-Top Novel" to every one of my stories. When you see the magic words "A Tip-Top Novel," just stip-stop and buy it. I am a Democrat of the first (Grant) Allen Water, but I live on royalties.

Not, of course, that all my previous works—stories, verses, gossips, science causeries, idylls, and what not—have not been all Tip-Top. I divide with George Washington the distinction of never having been untrue to myself. But I have often had to suppress my thoughts, and treat them as mere guarantees of good faith, not necessarily intended for publication. In fact (as I have said elsewhere) I have served babes, a mere milkman. In the glorious future, a minister to men, I am to blaze with all the brilliancy of a full-blown butcher. In the Tip-Top Novels (published at tip-top prices) I hope

To say my say
In my own way,

representing the world as I see it. I shall be the moral Kodak of my time.

Whenever in future, my friend and (I hope) patron, the words "A Tip-Top Novel" appear upon the title page of a book by me, the reader who is keen on culture may bet his boots (1) that the scene (and the characters) will lie in Surrey, and (2) that the book represents my own high thinking on some great problem, with sex as its unknown quantity.

Not that I shall ever attempt to *prove* anything, except to prove successful. Otherwise my books, like my spirits, will be well above proof.

Once again, Why a Tip-Top Novel? Well, here 's one last purple patch.

I am writing this in my study, on the back of a gold-mine prospectus. As I thoughtlessly turn it over, thinking to write on both sides of the question, my eye falls upon millions and millions of unraised capital. More is going to be spent on one gold-mine than has been given for all my novels put together! My window, however, looks out upon unsullied nature. Through the open casement I hear popular airs being sung by happy villagers, threading the pine needles. Clodhoppers chirp from the tense tangle of boundless bracken. And yet where at night the sky shows itself well read, the great oven of London incloses a Lord Mayor and a Kaffir Circus.

This is a gold-mine age. The men of the suburbs, alas! are crowding to the City to kiss the Barney stone. Strange cent.-per-cent. things and abnormal dividends attract them. I desire in these books of mine to utter one last word in favour of the Higher System as applied to life. Have I no doubts at all myself? Ay, marry, I have—for to marry, have I not said it is doubtful? Yet, as I take my eye from off the prospectus, my gaze transfers itself to the bric-à-bracken outside, and then to a little shelf where lies the greatest work of our greatest philosopher. It is (I need hardly say) the *Woman who Did*. What comfort and counsel has its author? Buy the book and read it for yourself.

I, myself, read the words "eighteenth edition" on the title-page, and the words comfort me. This will show you what my ideas are. They may pay or they may not. But at any rate they are the genuine attempts of a far-seeing man to turn Key- into Bank-Notes.

G. A.

[The story, *The Skittish Skirt-Dancers*, is too comparatively dull to print.—Ed.]

Favourite Song on the Stock Exchange.—"*Oh! what a difference in the morning!*"

THE IMPERIAL ART SALESMAN; OR, PENNY PLAIN AND TWOPENCE COLOURED.

H.I.H. Emp-r-r of G-rm-ny (urbi et orbi). "To possess a Copy of this Work must be the desire of Everyone. It will be a splendid, significant Ornament for every House, for your Room, for your Firestoves. The Price places it within the reach of everyone's Pocket—Six marks on white paper, and Nine marks on *Chinese*. Reduction on taking a quantity. Going! going!!' ("*North German Gazette.*" *Vide* "*Times,*" *November* 12.)

WITH THE HARDUP HARRIERS.

Dismounted Huntsman (to his mount). "Whoa, you old Brute! To think I went and spared yer from the Biler only last week! You hungrateful old 'idebound 'Umbug!"

MR. BRIEFLESS ON LEGAL EDUCATION.

Sir,—To my great surprise, I find that many members of the profession to which I have the honour to belong have been forwarding letters to a contemporary on the subject of the Lord Chief Justice's address concerning Legal Education. This seems to me, Sir, a singular mistake. I grant that your contemporary is a paper of the highest respectability, and deserving of infinite respect; but, Sir, the periodical you edit with so much distinction, has been considered for more than half a century the recognised organ of the Bench, the Bar, and the remainder of the Forensic Profession. And as this is so, I address my remarks on the subject to which I have referred, and which is a subject of great importance, to you personally.

Lord Russell of Killowen seems to consider that the theories of the Law should be learned before call, and "the practical study" be postponed until "those earlier years of professional life, when professional work is insufficient for full occupation." Speaking from my own experience, I must confess that the time allowed by the Lord Chief Justice is ample in excess. I can honestly declare, without fear of contradiction, that never, during a very long forensic career, have I found "professional work sufficient for full occupation." It is true that during term I make it my custom of a forenoon to be present at one or other of the Royal Courts, in order that I may exchange greetings with the presiding judge. But after I have accorded this appropriate act of courtesy to his Lordship on the Bench, I find the time hang heavily on my hands. Of course, if I hold a consent brief, I am on the *qui vive* until my case is reached, mentioned, and disposed of. But should the day be blank when I have no need to call upon the fifth part of the services of my excellent clerk, Portington (services I share with my learned friends in Chambers), I have to fall back upon the perusal of the daily journals or the concoction of caricatures. It is at such a moment that I feel the need of occupation, and perhaps I might venture to suggest that my time might be usefully employed in the teaching of freehand drawing. Would it not be possible to organise a school of "Barrister black-and-white men?" The Lord Chief Justice favours the academical idea, and here would be a commencement. I would propose that my scholars, properly robed, should take their places, supplied with paper and pencil, and study from the life. They might rapidly sketch the witnesses, the counsel, even the judge himself. During the luncheon interval I would come round to inspect the drawings. I could point out the defects of beginners, and applaud any evidence of talent that I might discover in the maturer work of more experienced scholars. At the end of term a distinguished Q.C., who has had the honour of acting as a Law Officer of the Crown, might act as "Examiner of Caricatures." I would present prizes to those who passed first—a wig (well seasoned) in travelling case, a gown (nearly new), a dozen bands, a fee book (first sheet missing), and other appropriate rewards of merit. I submit that the idea is worthy of adoption, and when carried out, will run on all-fours with Lord Russell of Killowen's excellent system of legal education.

For the rest, the suggestion that the teachers of Law in the Law School should devote their entire time to the duties of tuition, merits the most careful consideration. Speaking personally, I would be very willing to sacrifice my present practice to accept the Principalship of the proposed Academy. It is true that this would be a little hard upon my existing clients; but I feel sure that, when they realised what good I might do to the profession by showing the budding barrister and the juvenile solicitor how to obtain, without loss of dignity, a living, they would readily forgive the desertion and forget the injury. And, having said this, I write my name and address, for the information of Lord Russell of Killowen, and those who will hereafter be associated with his Lordship in carrying his Lordship's views of reform into expeditous execution.

(*Signed*) A. Briefless, Jun.

Pump Handle Court, November 18, 1895.

Cruel.—It is more than trying when a country backer of race-horses, after driving ten miles in blinding rain to get the special edition of the evening paper, gazes on the following:—

The Space below is reserved for Late News.

THE SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION OF INFANCY.

BY AN AMATEUR PSYCHOLOGIST.

MUCH struck by admirable article in the *Fortnightly* on "The New Study of Children," by Professor SULLY. Most suggestive. Have read portions of it aloud to LUCILLA, pointing out the value and importance of careful and methodical investigation of the child-mind, the interest in the doings of infancy taken by the naturalist, evolutionist, psychologist, and so on. LUCILLA impressed; declares her conviction that there never *was* such a wonderful and interesting baby as OSWALD MARMADUKE.

Privately, I am of opinion that OSWALD MARMADUKE, at his present age of seven months and some odd days, has done nothing as yet to justify the insurance companies in raising the premium on any policy affecting the River Thames, but this I keep to myself. I remark insidiously that Professor SULLY's article distinctly indicates the *Father* as the person best qualified to "undertake the earlier experimental work in the investigation of child-nature." To which LUCILLA only smiles ambiguously and says "*Does* it?"

I ask LUCILLA what she says to my having OSWALD MARMADUKE down and beginning a scientific inquiry *at once*. She says he is asleep and she can't have him disturbed for any such nonsense.

Rather amused at this characteristically feminine attitude towards Science in LUCILLA, who was such an ardent advocate of the higher education of women—before the days of OSWALD MARMADUKE. I ask her if she calls Science "nonsense." She replies that if baby is to be experimented with at all, she would rather have it done by a scientific person.

I triumphantly quote Professor SULLY to the effect that "the study can be pursued by *any* intelligent observer prepared for the task by a reasonable amount of psychological study." Whereupon LUCILLA says she wasn't aware that I had ever taken up psychology. She even expresses a doubt whether I can tell her what psychology *is*.

For the moment I can't hit upon a really neat definition, so I merely retort, with some natural irritation, that I am quite aware she considers me a perfect ass.

On this LUCILLA becomes penitent, and, as soon as she sees I am really in earnest, inclined to compromise. "By-and-by, perhaps," she concedes, "if I promise faithfully not to be rough, I may have OSWALD MARMADUKE down just for half-an-hour." I wonder what scientific results she supposes I can get in such a ridiculously short time as half-an-hour! but I must make it do for a beginning, and increase the periods gradually every day. Spend the interval, while LUCILLA is upstairs, in thinking out and preparing a few simple experiments.

The moment is at hand; LUCILLA has just rung for the nurse. Somehow I feel rather nervous. The nurse comes in, bearing OSWALD MARMADUKE, who clucks, and gurgles, and gasps, as LUCILLA rushes at him, and addresses him as "Diddums," and "Mummy's ownest ickle pet." Am forced to remind her of Professor SULLY's remark that "baby worship is inimical to carrying out a perfectly cool and impartial process of scientific observation."

The nurse—a woman I never *have* liked—sniffs disdainfully, and LUCILLA takes OSWALD MARMADUKE on her lap, and says, I can begin to observe him as coolly and impartially as I please; but I mustn't come too close.

It would have been more scientific if I could have had him all to myself on a table, under a lamp; but I suppose I must be content with what I can get, for the present. But I *can't* begin investigating with the confounded nurse in the room. Thank goodness, LUCILLA has got rid of her; *now* I can begin.

OSWALD MARMADUKE is regarding me with a glassy stare that makes me uncomfortable. Professor SULLY suggests that "it may be that the baby mind is not so perfectly simple as it looks," and there's something in my infant's eye that almost makes me fancy he knows I only took a Poll degree instead of a First, like his dear Mamma. But he can hardly have heard of it *yet*.

"Well," says LUCILLA, "have you observed that he is a booful darling?"

Honestly, OSWALD MARMADUKE strikes me as more like than ever to a pale and puffy sort of dumpling—with a dash of putty—but I don't think this is precisely the moment to say so. I was thinking, I tell her, how imperfect and incomplete, how feeble and incapable any infant is compared to other animals! She indignantly refuses to admit that OSWALD MARMADUKE is anything of the sort. "In *one* respect, curiously enough," I admit, to humour her, "even a little creature like this possesses extraordinary muscular strength. In its prehensile power it singularly resembles the ape, LUCILLA. For instance, you would be astonished to see how long it can hang on to this walking-stick——"

LUCILLA insists on the walking-stick being put away. "It was Dr. LIONEL ROBINSON's experiment, my dear," I say, reproachfully. But she doesn't care; she says "*her* baby isn't a nasty little gymnastic monkey, and she won't have his ducky little neck broken over any silly experiments."

So I have to test OSWALD MARMADUKE's prehensile capacity by giving him an ivory paper-cutter to clutch. It is one of our wedding presents, and has a wonderful antique Japanese carved handle, but OSWALD MARMADUKE promptly allows it to drop on the steel fender, where it is smashed.

Which LUCILLA (who is always insisting that women are just as logical as men) declares is entirely *my* fault!

OSWALD MARMADUKE only bubbles and feigns unconsciousness, though I fancy I catch a sardonic gleam in his marbley little eye, as if he felt that was distinctly one to *him*.

I am anxious to ascertain whether his colour sense has developed at all, and if he has any "preferential recognitions," but, the moment I begin to exhibit my sheets of brightly tinted paper, LUCILLA interferes, on the utterly preposterous plea that it will "teach him to squint"!

Test his hearing instead, and his power of associating sounds with definite ideas. I am inclined to think that his hearing, or his intelligence—or possibly *both*—are defective; otherwise, as I tell LUCILLA, he would surely betray *some* interest when I imitate a blue-bottle fly buzzing round his head. LUCILLA explains his apathy by saying that my buzzing is not in the least *like* a blue-bottle.

I confess I am *rather* hurt; for, hang it all! I have more than once taken in a fox-terrier by the accuracy of my imitation, and there *was* a time, as I remind LUCILLA, when *she herself*—— But there, it is hardly worth while losing one's temper over such a trifle.

My next experiment is of a rather more elaborate nature. "I am going, LUCILLA," I say, as I unmask a battery of cruets and phials which I have previously collected and kept in the background; "I am now going to test the child's sense of taste. If you will induce OSWALD MARMADUKE to put out his tongue, I propose to place a drop of these various condiments, acids, and syrups upon the tip, and carefully note the reactions called out by each successive stimulus. It will be highly instructive."

LUCILLA won't hear of it; she is sure it will make baby horribly sick.

I try to reason with her; but it is easy to see that her prejudices are not to be overcome, and so I waive the point, and pass on to something else.

"You will admit the scientific importance of discovering the exact degree of OSWALD MARMADUKE's sensitiveness to extremes of heat and cold, LUCILLA," I say, patiently and, I hope, good-humouredly. "Well, I have here a simple test to which even *you* cannot reasonably object. You see, I take this poker and——"

LUCILLA is on her feet in an instant: "*What!*" she cries, clasping OSWALD MARMADUKE tightly in her arms; "do you think I shall let you torture my poor helpless baby before my eyes? *Never!*"

Not the smallest use to explain that the poker is only moderately warm. Besides, OSWALD MARMADUKE has suddenly burst into a passionate bellow, which diverts my inquiry into another channel.

"Don't try to pacify him, Lucilla," I implore her. "Let him go on. These seizures of rage and terror afford a very valuable study. Perhaps you may not be aware that, as Professor Sully points out, 'they mirror for us, in a diminished, distorted reflection, no doubt, the probable condition of primitive man.' Yes, Oswald Marmaduke's manifestation of fury is pretty certainly 'a survival of actions of remote ancestors in their life and death struggles.' Under what the Professor picturesquely terms 'the bull's-eye lamp of scientific investigation——'"

. . . . Lucilla has gone, and taken Oswald Marmaduke with her! From her parting remarks I gather that, so far as that particular specimen of infancy is concerned, the Bull's-eye of Science must remain a dark lantern.

And yet she possesses—or she would not be my wife—considerable intellectual capacity! If she were a *fool*, I could have understood it.

LEAVES FROM THE HIGHLAND JOURNAL OF TOBY, M.P.

SECOND LEAF.—THE DAWDLE FROM THE NORTH.

Stirling, Monday.—Hear a good deal of the Crawl to the South. London newspapers full of plaints from belated travellers on Southern lines, weeping for unpunctual trains and will not be comforted. In the railway race where prize is given to last one in, will cheerfully back North against South. Will pit the Highland Railway for a golden penny against most superbly slow railway going South out of London.

Was it yesterday, day before, or last week that Sark and I left Oban full of hope and baggage, bound for hospitable mansion near Carlisle? Or was it before railways were, and did we start in stage coach? Can't say with certainty; seems so long ago; mightn't have been this year at all. Only thing certain is that arrangements as per time-table were excellent. Leave Oban 12.35; so may leisurely breakfast; time to walk from Gallanach by lovely coast line, with blue sea rippling on skirt of road to left; on other hand the golden bracken clothing the hills that stretch away eastward to Loch Awe. Remember, years ago, walking along this road with breezy Professor Blackie, towards the house on the hill which he built for himself, whence he could see the sun setting over the mountains of Mull.

No railway station in those days. When you left Oban homeward bound you went by stage coach landwards, or by one of the fine lines of steamers David Hutcheson created, supplementing work of Walter Scott in opening up the wonderful beauty of the Highlands. To the last fine old David Hutcheson used to sit by the window in his room looking down the bay, watching his steamers come and go. Now John Blackie has folded his plaid around him for last time and is quiet for evermore. David Hutcheson's keen, kindly face no longer looks out from his window. A granite obelisk set on high at the entrance to Oban Bay has his name cut deep upon it, and his memory is kept green by the ripple of the sea at the forefoot of the fleet that carry the flag of his firm into every harbour on the West coast.

Here's railway station and we in good time for 12.35 train. Excellent. Station time-bills confirm Bradshaw's statement. Shall reach Stirling 4.20; half-an-hour to wait; will pass pleasantly over cup of tea; on to Carlisle, due at 8.35. With five mile drive shall be a little late for dinner, but that no matter.

"We'll call it supper," said Sark, a man full of resources.

Plenty of room in carriage. Tide of traffic ebbed. We are going off almost on last wave.

"Another slice of good luck," says Sark, rubbing his hands with pleased content. "In height of season, with crowds of tourists, mountains of baggage, hard I expect always to make connection with English mail at Stirling even when, as now, we start with half-an-hour to spare. But with carriages nearly empty, baggage vans only a quarter filled, we are safe as houses."

Only one fellow-passenger. Not at all a cheerful party; cadaverous cheeks; restless eyes with curious look in them, as if he were straining to catch last glimpse of some prized object vanishing in distance. Twitching gesture with bony, nervous hands. At brief intervals, as we journey east, hoping to make south at Killin Junction, he jerked up his right hand as if to stop something, and there came into his eyes the look of pained entreaty. Rather an uncanny person; hoped he wasn't going far. Manœuvred Sark into sitting opposite him; fixed myself up at other corner seat.

Rather surprised to find train didn't start at 12 35. Didn't indeed move till 12.50.

"In no hurry," I remarked.

"Why should they be?" said Sark. "Lots of time. Half-an-hour to spare at Stirling. Besides, train is light; can easily pick up lost quarter of an hour."

Cadaverous Stranger sighed deeply.

Off at last with much shrieking of whistles, waving of green flag, and frantic farewells of groups on platform seeing friends off. Look up morning paper to see whether Walter Long's been promising the farmers anything substantial; whether Georgie Hamilton's going to abolish Indian cotton duties; whether Prince Arthur has established any fresh Foundation of Belief in bi-metallism; whether Don José has completed his scheme of old age pension for respectable Basutos; and whether the Dook has yawned dissent over propositions to do anything anywhere in any circumstances.

"Interesting paper; got nearly through it when train stops."

Interesting paper; got nearly through it when train stops.

"Ah! Suppose this must be Loch Awe, or at least Tayvuilt."

"Can't be Stirling, I suppose?" said Sark, who had been fast asleep.

Cadaverous face of Stranger in corner illumined by blue light of melancholy; pitying smile made my blood freeze; glad to put head out of window to inquire what station we 'd reached. Stationmaster within hail; familiar face and figure; seemed to have seen him before; where could it have been? Of course, it 's the uniform makes one man look like another.

"What place is this, Mr. Stationmaster?" lasked, with the bland courtesy born of prosperous travelling circumstances.

Stationmaster stared at me.

"It 's Oban," he answered, shortly.

"Oban!" I cried; "why, we left Oban a quarter-of-an-hour ago; at ten minutes to one, and now it 's five minutes past."

"Well, it's just Oban," he said, as if he had heard this inane protest before, and was wearied of answering. "Ye've been shunting."

As Grand Cross used to say before he left the Commons, I thought I heard a smile. It came from the corner where the cadaverous man sat, immovable, unquestioning, hopeless.

WOMAN AND HER WHEEL.

(*After Tennyson, by an Old-fashioned Fellow.*)

Turn, woman, turn thy wheel, in garments loud.
Turn thy wild wheel through dust that 's like a cloud;
Thy wheel and thee some love, and some do hate.

Turn, woman, turn thy wheel, through smile or frown
Of those who watch thy wobblings up and down;
Thy skill is little, but thy pluck is great.

Smile the rude boys and howl behind their hands,
Frowns the grave cit; the worldling understands;
Woman is woman, and mistress of her fate.

Turn, turn thy wheel, amid the staring crowd!
Thy wheel and thee are loud, and yet allowed;
Thy wheel and thee some love, but *I* do *hate!*

The remarkably erratic progress of a certain Hibernian, who, shouting at the top of his voice, and elbowing peaceable citizens off the pavement, reeled along a Dublin street, was brought to an abrupt termination by a constable. But the "public guardian" was considerably astonished to find that his prisoner was neither "charioted by Bacchus and his pards," nor even "on the viewless wings of Poesy," but perfectly sober, and only *pretending to be drunk*. The reason for his feigned inebriety was not explained. Perhaps, in a like predicament with "David Garrick," and mindful of the famous simulated-intoxication scene in the play of that name, he hoped, in the same manner, to "disillusion" some fair—or too importunate—inamorata. However, his excellent acting on this, "his first appearance," received due magisterial appreciation in the shape of a one-sovereign fine; and if, in future and in stern reality, he should ever indulge too freely in "potheen," it is to be hoped that his undoubted histrionic ability will stand him in good stead, and enable him, on occasion, to *pretend to be sober* with equal success.

Encore Trilby!—"The *Trilby* etchings in Bond Street," says Mr. Tree, "are all very well, but the *Trilby* 'drawing' at the Haymarket is what I prefer."

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

Bevy of Fair Dames. "OUR WARMEST CONGRATULATIONS, MR. BINKS! OUR VERY BEST FELICITATIONS, MR. BINKS!" &c., &c.
Mr. Binks (*just engaged*). "OH, REALLY—THANKS SO MUCH! BUT COULDN'T YOU SPARE SOME OF YOUR CONGRATULATIONS FOR MY *FIANCÉE!*"

MORE KNIGHTS HOSPITALLERS;

Or, the Ministry of our Merchant Princes.

[The "Merchant Princes" of London have given £48,500 altogether towards the Hospital needs now so urgent, and other charitable objects: *i.e.*, £20,000 to the Hospitals, £23,500 to the Princess of Wales' Nurses' Pension Fund, and £5,000 to the poor.]

MUCH has happened of late at which cynics will laugh,
Illustrating the cult of the Golden Calf
In opulent London's high places.
But *all* Merchant Princes are not—Aldermanic,
In worship of wealth, or in horror of panic,
So Momus may stint his grimaces.

His lip will take on a sardonical twist,
At the sight of a Mayor in a Mammonite mist,
Confusing gold-grubbing with glory.
But—all City figures are not ledger-gains,
And here are a few which show hearts go with brains,
And tell *Punch* a pleasanter story.

When *Mr. Punch* seconded GLADSTONE's appeal
On behalf of Guy's Hospital,* bosoms of steel
Alone to such pleas were insensible.
'Midst our merchant princes warm hearts are no rarity,
Not to acknowledge such fine civic charity
Punch would deem most reprehensible.

The rich—like the poor—we have always with us;
And though real charity doesn't like fuss,
Or too noisy use of the trumpet,
Yet *palmam qui meruit ferat!* The buzzum
That warms not to kind deeds when opulence does 'em,
Is flabby and chill as a crumpet.

"You have done it so nicely, pray do it again,"
Of an old-fashioned song was the old-fashioned strain,
And it may sound a trifle sarcastic,
Yet *Punch* dares to say it to rich City men,
Who can do such a deal with a dash of that pen,
To which banks and bullion are plastic.

The Hospital's editor, H. C. BURDETT,*
Knows well there's sore want of a million more yet,
And our millionaires now are so many
'Twould soon be made up if the hat were sent round
Amongst those favoured mortals on whose purse a pound
Is no greater draft than a penny.

Eh? Forty-eight thousand five hundred? The thrifty
Might soon make *that* up to a level, square fifty,
Whilst—ah! seems the fancy a silly 'un?—
Punch dreams of the hospital-world's happy smile
If trade-"princes" *persisted* in raising their pile
To—say just a square quarter million!

* See *Our New Knight Hospitaller*, p. 221, November 9, 1895.

* *The Hospital*, 140, Strand, W.C.

LACTEAL LAXITY.

["Strict temperance people now consume only 'Blue-Ribbon Milk,' certified to have been taken from cows which have not been fed on brewers grains."—*Vide Paper.*]

SING not to me of dubious tea,
Of cocoa that's adulterated,
Nor seek to boast of coffee roast
That's underdone and over-rated.
Bring me no wine that scorns the vine,
Nor ale that's non-intoxicating;
Don't seek to cheer with hopless beer
A soul that needs exhilarating.

Despite all skill the demon will
In ev'ry harmless cup be lurking;
E'en when you're sure the bowl was pure,
Perchance of sin you've drunk a firkin.
Alas! the cow distrusting now,
We test its lacteal production;
For brewers' grain the milk may stain,
And we imbibe, with it, destruction.

WE learn, from Paris, that a trunk—specially adapted to the use of "personally conducted" Madagascar tourists—has just been invented. It is called "*la malle-à-Gaze.*"

Hibernian Arithmetic.

SHURE, multiplication—of chiefs—*is* vexation,
But faix, there is fun in substhraction.
Addition will you knit with me as one unit,
And unity flabberghasts faction. [Me!
As for Rule o' Three!—betther one, and that
The wise, and the sthrong, and the clever!
But till *Oi'm* up top, and all over the shop,
I'll cry, "Long Division for iver!"

ASHANTI AGAIN!

BRITANNIA (*to L-rd W-ls-l-y, "the man who has been there"*). "YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT THE BUSINESS, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF. BUT *THIS* TIME I EXPECT SOMETHING MORE THAN AN UMBRELLA."

AFTER "THE SLUMP" IN THE CITY.

Weak Speculator in South African Market (about to pay the Barber who has been shaving him). "A SHILLING! EH! WHY, YOUR CHARGE USED TO BE ONLY SIXPENCE."

City Barber. "YES, SIR; *BUT YOU'VE GOT SUCH A LONG FACE*, WE 'RE OBLIGED TO INCREASE THE PRICE!"

UNION *v.* DISUNION.

FROM PARNELL to REDMOND, from REDMOND to HEALY,
One very plain truth comes out fully and freely;
Your Unionist's love for a "patriot" grows hearty
When he furthers *dis*union—within his own Party;
He credits no Paddy with talent or wit
Till he Union favours by causing a split.
In fact, Unionists hold *this* Hibernian rule—
No Irishman's wise till he's playing the fool!

APPROPRIATE DECORATION FOR A "BIKER'S" BUTTON-HOLE.—The Cyclamen.

SONG OF THE POWERS

(*Great Britain, Russia, France, Germany Austria-Hungary, Italy, and the United States*) *to the Sultan:*—

"WE ARE SEVEN."

Sultan's Rejoinder.

"BUT these are lies, the Kurds are Saints!
Armenia is just heaven!"—
'Twas throwing words away, for still
The sons of dogs would have their will
And answered: "We are Seven!"

AQUATIC.—Cowes is suffering from a deficiency in the water supply. We only wish that other (reputed) cows were afflicted with the same complaint. Meantime, could not Cowes turn on its ever-present main?

"HAPPY EVENINGS."

Tuesday.—Have just read in the *Times* a letter from the Children's Happy Evenings Association, in which it is said "for every shilling spent one child gets a happy evening weekly throughout the whole winter." By Jove! The winter here lasts at least twenty-four weeks, so the cost is small. Wish I could get a happy evening for a halfpenny! Sometimes difficult enough to get a happy evening at all. Time to dress now. To dinner with old BORRHAM, F.S.A. Awfully dull evening. A lot of solemn old fossils. Cabs there and back four shillings. How's that compared to the halfpenny?

Wednesday.—Must do something to cheer myself up after that dinner yesterday. So go to see the newest burlesque. Dismally dull. A few feeble jokes I have heard before; a few other feebler ones I hope I shall never hear again. But no doubt I shall—in the next burlesque. A miserable evening. Seat and cabs fourteen shillings.

Thursday.—Shan't spend so much to-night anyway. Mrs. MUMBY'S dance. Well, here I am. Never saw such a lot of plain women in all my life. As for the five Miss MUMBYS! Oh lord! Just as I am coming out a sudden gust of wind carries off my opera hat. It is quite spoilt. Most annoying. It happened to be a new one. Cabs five shillings. But must add cost of new hat to be bought to-morrow. Can't get that for a halfpenny.

Friday.—To dinner with my aunt at South Kensington. Resolve to make this a cheap evening. See how little I can spend. Fine, dry weather. Go in omnibus. Total cost so far twopence. Capital! My aunt very pleasant. Several nice girls there. Amongst them my cousin VIOLET, up from the country, prettier than ever. My aunt asks if I will see VIOLET and her sister home to Fitzjohn's Avenue, where they are staying. Of course. Hullo, it's pouring with rain! Four-wheeler all the way. Coming back to my rooms, a wheel comes off in Regent's Park. Escape unhurt. So does cabby. Get out. Raining harder than ever. Not a cab, not a person, in sight. Cabman in despair. Pity the poor fellow, and give him half-a-crown over his fare. Walk on, and at last find another cab. But my thin shoes completely ruined. Add this to fares. Cheap evening costs me over thirty shillings.

Saturday.—SMITH and JONES to dine with me at the club. Good-natured, hospitable chaps. Must give them a good dinner, and some of our best wine. Do so. Smoking all the evening.

Sunday.—Headache this morning. Often feel like this after a pleasant evening. Ah, by Jove, that reminds me! How much did it cost? Oh I can't bother to reckon now! Hate arithmetic. Anyway, it was more than a halfpenny. "Happy Thought," as the man in the book says; spend a Happy Evening without trying to amuse myself. Easy enough on Sunday. And send the ten shillings, which I may reckon I save, to amuse ten poor little children, and make them warm and happy one evening a week through the gloom and misery of winter in the slums. Here's the address in the *Times* of the 5th. So I send my little contribution to the Hon. Secretary, 14, Radnor Place, W. And anyone else who can't give himself a happy evening for a halfpenny may well do the same.

May and December.

WHATEVER scribblers try to prove
Upon the journalistic page,
'Tis pretty plain the Age of Love
Is different from the love of age!

SONG FOR BOBBIES ON BIKES.

[HANTS COUNTY COUNCIL.—"The Committee has authorised the Chief Constable to obtain thirty-three bicycles for the use of the police force, at a total cost of £289 11s. 6d." *Hampshire Advertiser.*]

I.

It's come at last, and none too fast,
That we're to race disorder;
The Hants C. C. has ruled that we
Shall whirl like any Forder.
Oh! joy to catch the burglar man,
The rascal born to steal,
To play the game of "catch who can"
On swift and steady wheel.

II.

Should quarry go to woods, we know
That bikes are scarcely trusty;
O'er furrowed plough we quite allow
Our steeds may turn up rusty;
But on the smooth and flat highway
We'll wriggle like the eel,
And bring our robber foes to bay,
With woe as well as wheel!

A SUGGESTION.—There are always with us two winter exhibitions of celebrated artists's works. One is MR. ARTHUR TOOTH'S, and the other MR. THOMAS MCLEAN'S. Wouldn't it be an æsthetic, aromatic, pearl-powdery, dentistical idea to unite the two and advertise it as "MCLEAN TOOTH exhibition"? All the Brothers of the Brush would be pleased.

FANCY PORTRAIT.

JUSTICE AND TEMPERANCE.

THE GREAT WHITE COLONIAL CHIEF CH-MB-RL-N HOLDS A TALKEE-TALKEE WITH HIS BRAVES.

FOR BUTTER OR WORSE.

Sarah Jane Sings:—

Oh! I can eat the coldest meat,
The joints that once have been;
But give to me with toast at tea
No "scrape" of margarine.

With it defiled the muffin mild
And teacake lack their zest;
So slavery all, come stand or fall,
By butter of the best!

"O HONEY!"—A deputation of the British Bee-Keepers' Association waited upon the Lady Mayoress at the Mansion House to enlist her sympathies for the encouragement of apiculture, and against the invasion of foreign honey, which was averred to be "only cunningly sophisticated treacle." By all means let us have the common or garden, the unsophisticated native article. The "heather honey" of the moorlands is—we are informed by the B. B.-K. A.—"food fit for the gods," a fact overlooked by Olympian Jove, who seems to have preferred that of Hybla or Hymettus—probably because it was cheaper. However, we are happy to say that, in London at least, the Bee industry is in a flourishing condition, and shows no sign of flagging prosperity, the variety cultivated with most success being, of course, the *Bacchanalian* or *Essand Bee* (*Apis Bacchi*).

DENTIST'S MOTTO.—"Tooth will out."

ROUNDABOUT READINGS.

A RETRIEVER'S DIARY.

DURING the past week I have been shooting pheasants in Norfolk. We had good sport, and fairly good weather, and I was able for the first time to test an ingenious mechanical contrivance of which we may expect to hear a great deal in the future. It is called (I quote from the advertisement which is now in my possession) the "Canine Cogitatograph," a title which, I admit, is detestably mixed in its derivations. The inventor, however, who desires for the present to keep his name secret, may plead in extenuation the example of that great philosopher HERBERT SPENCER and his series on "Sociology."

THE object of this invention is to record automatically the thoughts passing through the mind of a dog. By a clever adaptation of the MORSE system of telegraphy these are printed off in English on strips or tapes of paper. I am not sufficiently skilled in mechanics to describe the invention technically; suffice it to say that it is very small and convenient in size, and can be easily fitted on to any ordinary dog's collar.

DURING my late pheasant-shooting excursion I attached it to the collar of my retriever, with the most astonishing results. For the benefit of the scientific and sporting public I now publish this singular autobiographical fragment from the diary of a sporting dog.

MONDAY, November 11, 10 *A.M.*—Am unchained. Large party with guns. Sport. Hurrah! Smell out master, dance round him and place both fore-paws on his knickerbockers. Am reproved. Why? There are two more black dogs, strangers to me, and a brown spaniel whom I have met before. The spaniel is a fool. His ears are ridiculously long, and flap in the most absurd manner. His nose is broad, his eyes bulge, and his legs are bandy. A dog like this is only fit for hedgerows. Exchange tip-toe courtesies with the two black strangers. Growl at them. They growl back. We are all reproved. Why?

10.20. Corner of a covert. Heard keeper say "There was a hundred pheasants drawed into that 'ere covert." This is ripping. Master applies whip twice, but not very hard. Tells me he does it to "steady" me. Such rot! Forgive him. Five pheasants come out my way. I kill two with a right and left and miss another with my second gun. San must have got into my eyes. Shall I go after dead birds now or wait? Better wait. Got thrashed last time for running after birds before beat was over. Guns going off to the right and left. Brown dog, so far, has killed nothing. One of the black dogs named *Sailor* has killed four. Ridiculously conceited dog that. Eight more pheasants come to me one by one. Kill five. Miss three. Brown dog smiles audibly. Shall cut the brown dog, or bite him in the back. Shout from beaters. "Hare forward." I'll have his fur, or die in the attempt. Comes galloping out on my right. I miss him twice. *I'll* show him who can gallop. Off after him. Distant shouts from Master. Who cares? Into a ditch. Out again. Across ploughed field. Hare still in front. Am gaining. No, am losing. Hare is a silly animal; shall give it up, and go back. By the bye, got thrashed last time for doing this. Wonder if I shall be thrashed again. Better assume contrite expression. Do so.... No good. Am thrashed. Howl. Never was a Spartan dog. Beat over. Pick up dead birds. Mouth full of feathers. Am sent to look for a bird wounded by brown dog, who has shot disgracefully, and made a perfect fool of himself. Track bird to ditch. Faint scent to right. Follow up fifty yards, then through hedge; back again. Got him. Return covered with burrs, with bird in mouth. Am patted. Brown dog, who has been thrashed, hints that he doesn't think much of the performance. Offers to carry bird for me, "if I am tired." Should like to see him dare to touch it.

THE above may serve as a sample of the whole. I always suspected that a dog believed that he himself, and not his master, killed the birds. Now I know it on the unimpeachable testimony of the "Canine Cogitatograph." I shall be happy to send further particulars of this admirable contrivance to any sportsman who may apply to me.

QUOTATION FROM "ROMEO AND JULIET" ADAPTED TO CHANGES IN SOUTH AFRICAN AND OTHER MARKETS.—"O swear not by the boom, the inconstant boom!"

THE ORIGINAL CLASSICAL BICYCLIST.—"Ixion; or, the Man on the Wheel."

ART IS MEASUREMENT.

REUTER'S telegram says that the chrysanthemum blossoms, used at the marriage of the Duke of MARLBOROUGH, if piled up, would equal in bulk an ordinary haystack, and the roses, if placed from end to end, would extend over a distance of eight miles. Here is at last an exact system for calculating the merits of decorative art. *Mr. Punch* has therefore instructed his Chief Statistician in Ordinary to furnish a report on some disputed matters, now for ever decided by the following calculations.

The statues in London, if melted, pounded up, and otherwise reduced to a single mass, would equal in bulk an ordinary cottage. The Elgin marbles, treated in the same way, would equal in bulk an ordinary cartload of rubbish, and the Venus of Milo would be half the bulk of an ordinary piece of rock. Therefore, &c. Q. E. D.

The pictures in the Salon Carré of the Louvre, added to those in the Tribuna at Florence, would only cover one-fifth of the space occupied by those in an ordinary—a very ordinary—exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts. All the pictures of VELASQUEZ, cut into narrow strips, would actually not extend from Piccadilly Circus to Kensington Church, and those of REMBRANDT, if the canvases were rolled up, could be packed into an ordinary four-wheel cab. Therefore, &c. Q. E. D.

The total mass of teapots manufactured in Birmingham, from the earliest times to the present day, would probably equal St. Paul's in bulk. It is, however, difficult to obtain exact estimates. BENVENUTO CELLINI'S works in gold, if melted, would be equal in bulk to two ordinary lumps of chalk. The lamp-posts of London, placed end to end, would extend to over one hundred thousand times the length of the ironwork of QUENTIN MATSYS. Therefore, &c. Q. E. D.

The modern public buildings of London, broken into small fragments, would suffice to repair some hundreds of miles of roads. The Parthenon, similarly treated, would not be enough for the distance from Colney Hatch to Hanwell. The Crystal Palace is larger than St. Mark's at Venice. The Nelson Column is higher than the monument of BARTOLOMMEO COLEONI. Therefore, &c. Q. E. D.

It is thus conclusively proved that the modern artistic productions of our beloved country are infinitely superior—in bulk—to those so-called masterpieces hitherto preferred by ignorant critics. *Mr. Punch*, having patriotically proved this incontrovertible fact, hopes that no banquet will be offered to *him* "by several influential gentlemen" to reward him for these "recent courageous, honourable, and successful efforts."

"A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE."

"I BET *YOU* DON'T KNOW WHY AN APPLE FALLS TO THE GROUND!"
"OH YES, I DO! WHEN IT'S GOT A WORM INSIDE!"

NOT TO BE WROUGHT ON BY SPELLS. — Lord SALISBURY'S policy, as expressed in his Guildhall speech, is proof against the "*Charmes*" of the *Débats*.

THE NEW WOMAN (*in French*). "Madame DE MAINTENANT."

A CHANCE FOR SOMEBODY!!

WANTED—by an Australian Colony—A GOVERNOR. This is a splendid chance for a middle-aged man requiring a situation. The Governor must be a man of HIGH CHARACTER, ATTRACTIVE PERSONALITY, and EXCEPTIONAL INTELLIGENCE. He will be expected to combine a large experience of affairs with Tact, Discretion, and a Good Social Standing. During his term of office he will be supplied with *One Livery a Year*, the cost of which will be deducted from his wages.

The Governor will be allowed to provide himself with one Under-Servant or Secretary, who must produce a certificate stating that he was born and has passed the whole of his life in the Colony.

LOSS OR DAMAGE OF FURNITURE.

A plain table, six deal chairs, and a commodious chest of drawers will be provided for the use of the Governor, who will, of course, be responsible for the loss or damage of any of these articles.

THE GOVERNOR

will be permitted to write home at regular intervals. He will also have to conduct the Business Correspondence of his Employers. Postage, Telegrams, and Omnibus-fares will be paid by the Governor.

There is

AN EXTENSIVE BACK GARDEN of One Quarter of an Acre, in which the Governor may occasionally smoke a pipe on Sundays. *One pound of best Australian tobacco*, for which a deduction of £15 will be made from wages, will be issued to the Governor by the Colony on the presentation of a form countersigned by

THE PRIME MINISTER'S MOTHER-IN-LAW.

As the

GOVERNOR'S BOOTS will be well licked, it will be unnecessary for him to bring out any blacking with him.

The Governor will be allowed Simple Lodging and Plain Food, which his Employers will frequently be pleased to share with him. Any wages in excess of this allowance must be a matter for future arrangement.

The Governor's working hours will be from 6 A.M. to 1 A.M. on the following day. Arrangements can be made for

A FORTNIGHT'S HOLIDAY,

but, if this is granted, half the year's wages will be deducted.

The Governor will be expected to receive, entertain, and pay for any Guests who may visit his Employers during his term of office. His Employers, while regulating their own conduct on principles of the Strictest Economy, will not discourage the display of a

SEASONABLE AND OPEN-HANDED GENEROSITY

on the part of their servant.

Applications, accompanied by testimonials as to Age, Personal Appearance, Previous Services, Artistic Temperament (including ability to draw cheques), Dress, Deportment, Fit of Trousers, and Conversational Ability, may be sent to the

PRIME MINISTER, X. Y. Z., Australia.

N.B.—No Candidate recommended by MR. CH-MB-RL-N need apply.

TO CEDIE.

(*With whom I played—Cards!*)

THIS pretty pack of cards I give to you,
A token of our friendship—for no lack
Of fun and frolic we 're indebted to
This pretty pack.

In time to come your thoughts may wander back
To summer seas, to skies serene and blue,
That on a certain vessel's homeward track
Made life a pleasant dream—at least for two.
Well, when the fog is thick and skies are black,
Let us join hands and seek sweet solace through
This pretty pack.

AN Isle in the Water is the title of a new book. Where else should "an isle" be? In a lamp?

A CONTEMPORARY CONUNDRUM.

My whole was once certain all parties to charm,
'Twas as plump as a pig, and as long as your arm,
But now I am shrunk from, and shrunken.
With jubilant passion I used to inspire,
But now men denounce as destructive my fire,
And swear that my fervour was drunken.
They trotted me out, and they totted me up;
Oh! I was as useful for filling the cup
As the old Inexhaustible Bottle.
But now, like a "dead man," they shy me aside
My draught may not now fire a patriot's pride,
Or mellow an orator's throttle.

Once like an umbrella, they said, when unfurled,
I should draw to my shelter the whole of the world,
And not e'en King COFFEE's could match it.
But now they compare me, in ignorance dense,
To an overgrown setting of eggs, so immense
Sindbad's roc could not cover or hatch it.
Alas! mine is truly a pitiful fate!
Once the rage, I am now out of fashion, and date,
Like sarcenet, buckram, or grogram. [upon me.
All parties, all speakers, are down
What am I? I'm sure that the simplest will see,
And pity a poor played-out—PROGRAM!

RIVALS AT THE COURT.

ALWAYS welcome is SHERIDAN'S *Rivals*, which, as compared with *The School for Scandal*, would, were it nowadays produced as a novelty, be probably termed a "farcical comedy," that is, if the scenes between *Faulkland* and *Julia* could be re-written in a vein of the lightest, instead of the most serious, comedy. The play at the Court has been produced under the direction of Mr. HENRY NEVILLE, who, as a conservative old-stager, has kept to the ancient traditions, and so it happens that two personages stand in one position during a long scene, that two chairs are brought down to the front for a duologue, and that the rather tedious business of several false exits, and sudden returns, is retained, of which only one, and that the first, namely, when Mr. FARREN, as *Sir Anthony*, is taking leave of Mrs. JOHN WOOD, as *Mrs. Malaprop*, is genuinely effective. To see Mr. FARREN as *Sir Anthony*, to note his facial play, and to mark the artistic pauses in his acting, is well worth a theatrical student's visit. That Mr. FARREN overdoes the laughing I am certain; and that they all follow his lead up to so extremely dangerous a limit, that one half-step over boundary-line would be immediately resented by the audience, is evident.

Bob Acres Grimaldi. "Odds clowns and contortions! Here we are again! Oh, please, Sir, don't! 'Twasn't me! 'Twas the other boy!"

Mrs. JOHN WOOD as *Mrs. Malaprop* is "immense." Mr. SYDNEY BROUGH is quite the overgrown boyish *Captain Absolute*—promotion was rapid in those days—up to any tricks to win his lady-love, on the soldier's unprincipled principle that "all is fair in love and war." It struck me what a really good *Tony Lumpkin* Mr. SYDNEY BROUGH might make if *She Stoops to Conquer* were the next revival at the Court Theatre, that is, if this part were for once *not* given to an "experienced low comedian." Mr. BRANDON THOMAS is an "illigant" *Sir Lucius*, an exile from the most distressful counthry, a penniless Irish baronet in search of an English heiress, and one of the "fine ould Irish gintlemen," every inch of him. Mr. NYE CHART'S *Fag* is neat; Mr. CHERRMAN'S old family servant *David* good, but rather overdone, especially *his* laugh too; all "the laughs" appear forced. Miss NANCY NOEL looks charming, and plays *Lydia Languish* very prettily, but perhaps without sufficient touch of old-world exaggeration, such as is implied in the name given her by SHERIDAN.

Poor *Julia* and *Faulkland!* Who can sympathise with either when they are both on together! I suppose Miss VIOLET RAYE is as good as *Julia* can be, and that the same may be said of Mr. SUGDEN as the dunderheaded *Faulkland*. *Bob Acres* makes Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS amusing, but owing to the topics being necessarily those of the eighteenth century, Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS has no chance of introducing up-to-date allusions, and so "making" the part of *Bob Acres* attractive to his more youthful admirers. It is a matter for curious speculation as to what an up-to-date, eccentric comedian, "full of wheezes and modern instances," as is that other ARTHUR, yclept ARTHUR ROBERTS, could do if necessity compelled him to be cast for *Bob Acres!* Of course ARTHUR ROBERTS would bring in topical songs and several disguises somehow, no matter how. But this is to imagine too curiously. Suffice it that at the Court, with the present caste, the good old *Rivals* ought to be played to crowded and delighted houses up to Easter at least.

SOME MINOR HYPOCRISIES, AND THEIR MEANINGS.

The Honest Man to his Friends.

"I HAVE no doubt whatever that JONES would behave as an honourable man, under temptation; still, it would not be quite fair to expose him to it."

"My dear fellow, I cannot say that I like engaging in this affair of yours; still, if you really wish me to do so, and are positive for it, I will sacrifice myself in your interests."

"What are difficulties but simply temporary obstacles, made to be overcome? What are reverses but simply temporary barriers erected by Providence against the too speedy gratification of our headstrong desires? For my own part, I rejoice in difficulties and reverses of all kinds. When I see either one or the other that is seemingly insurmountable, I say to myself, here is a pleasure in store for me; let me not be too eager to compass it, lest, by exhausting it speedily, I cut short my enjoyment."

"My dear Sir, pray do not imagine that I take your advice in ill part. I assure you my greatest happiness and satisfaction will be in endeavouring to profit by it; and the freer you are with me, the better I shall like it. Good heavens, Sir! what a wretched world this would be if our dearest friends and nearest relations were debarred by inexorable custom from giving us their counsel in due season."

"I confess, for my own part, that a good, healthy, vigorous opposition is a thing I rather enjoy. Too much prosperity is bad for any man; just as too much power and freedom are bad for any government."

"First class! Do you mean to tell me you travel first class? Why what, in the name of all that's wonderful, possesses you to do that. *I* always travel third class; it is so much more comfortable; you avoid the snobs, and there is much less danger of infection from contagious diseases."

The Honest Man to his Soul.

"I HAVE no doubt whatever in my own mind that JONES would succumb to temptation the moment it were offered him. Besides, I covet the opportunity for myself."

"What a blockhead the fellow must be not to see that I am dying for want of an opportunity to have a finger in his pie. Now that I have it there, I honestly believe I shall make my fortune out of it."

"Every kind of obstacle to the gratification of what we esteem our proper and reasonable desires is, *per se*, detestable. I never encounter an obstacle but it fills me with rage, nor a difficulty but it makes me rail against Providence. Still, on a platform, in a pulpit, in a book, or among one's friends, it is necessary, of course, to hold quite contrary language."

"Confound the pragmatical idiot! Will he never cease plaguing me with his tiresome advice? What have I done that I should be persecuted in this manner? But I suppose I must be civil to him, and humour him; otherwise he has it in his power to make my life a very burthen to me."

"I rather flatter myself I scored a point that time. It was good policy on my part to appear as if I were pleased with the opposition which I encounter. Still, I wonder what my opponents will do next? Ugh! how I hate them!"

"I would always travel first class if I were rich enough, but I am not so; so must needs make a virtue of my necessity."

"VERY FISHY!"—"During last month," says the *Times* of November 12, "the officers of the Fishmongers' Company seized thirty-one tons of fish at Billingsgate Market as unfit for human food." "Billingsgate" used to be synonymous for extra-strong bad language; but that it should ever come to be synonymous for extra-strong bad fish is too terrible to contemplate.

THEY were discussing the merits of various Oxford Colleges. "Well," said a certain matron, emphatically, "I would never send any son of mine to such a place as *Belial* College, Oxford."

OF ALL DEALERS.

Martell's "Three Star" Brandy.

BOTTLED IN COGNAC.

WELCOME ALWAYS,
KEEP IT HANDY,
GRANT'S MORELLA
CHERRY BRANDY.
DELICIOUS—COMFORTING.
Ask for GRANT'S, and don't be put off with inferior makes.

FOR COMPLAINTS of the STOMACH, LIVER, &c., DRINK

VICHY CELESTINS Spring

Sold by all Chemists, Druggists, and Grocers throughout the Kingdom.

Sole Importers:

INCRAM & ROYLE, 52, FARRINGDON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

LIQUEUR OF THE C^DE. CHARTREUSE.

This delicious Liqueur, which has come so much into public favour on account of its wonderful properties of aiding Digestion and preventing Dyspepsia, can now be had of all the principal Wine and Spirit Merchants throughout the Kingdom. Sole Consignee, W. DOYLE, 5, Crutched Friars, London, E.C.

All the GORDON HOTELS
Are now Supplied Exclusively by
J. SCHWEPPE & Co., Ld.
Schweppe's SODA WATER, &c.,
As supplied under Royal Warrant to
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

Women and Women only

Are most competent to fully appreciate the purity, sweetness, and delicacy of CUTICURA SOAP, and to discover new uses for it daily.

In the preparation of curative washes, solutions, &c., for annoying irritations, chafings, and excoriations of the skin and mucous membrane, or too free or offensive perspiration, it has proved most grateful.

CUTICURA SOAP appeals to the refined and cultivated everywhere, as the most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap, as well as purest and sweetest for toilet.

F. NEWBERY & SONS, London, E.C.

DR. DUNBAR'S ALKARAM CURES COLDS AND CATARRH

OF ALL CHEMISTS, OR POST FREE, 2s., FROM NEWBERY'S, KING EDWARD STREET, E.C.

Every Home is beautified by Photographs and Photogravures after Celebrated PICTURES.

Illustrated Catalogue 1/-

13b, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.
BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC CO.

A TOILET POWDER FOR THE COMPLEXION. ALSO FOR THE NURSERY, ROUGHNESS OF THE SKIN, AFTER SHAVING, &c.

POUDRE D'AMOUR, Prepared by Piesse & Lubin, Perfumers.

Hygienic, and Prepared with Pure and Harmless materials.

Price 1s.

In Three Tints: Blanche—Naturelle—Rachel.

To be had of Chemists, Perfumers, &c.

Wholesale, R. HOVENDEN & SONS, Berners Street, W., and City Road, E.C., London.

Goddard's Plate Powder

NON-MERCURIAL. Universally admitted to be the Best and Safest Article for Cleaning Silver, Electro-Plate, &c. SIX GOLD MEDALS. Sold Everywhere, in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.

"EIDERDON"

GOLFING and THREE-QUARTER CAPES,

for Walking, Driving, or Travelling, 3 Guineas. EIDERDON RUGS, 30s. DRESSING-GOWNS. ULSTER COATS, from 4 Guineas. "Book of the Ulster," illustrated, and full set of SAMPLES, Four Pass. All goods carriage paid.

BOYD & CO., 11, Bridge St., BELFAST.

CIGARES de JOY (JOY'S CIGARETTES)

CURE ASTHMA

JOY'S CIGARETTES afford immediate relief in cases of ASTHMA, WHEEZING and WINTER COUGH, and a little perseverance will effect a permanent cure. Universally recommended by the most eminent physicians and medical authors. Agreeable to use, certain in their effects, and harmless in their action, they may be safely smoked by ladies and children.

All Chemists and Stores, box of 35, 2s. 6d., or post free from Wilcox & Co., 239, Oxford Street, London, W.

RICHMOND GEM

CIGARETTES.

UNEQUALLED FOR DELICACY AND FLAVOR.

FEED YOUR CHILDREN ON DR. RIDGE'S PATENT COOKED FOOD.

THE MALVERN SELTZER
REAL SODA — **BURROW'S MALVERN TABLE WATERS** — ARTIFICIAL
A. J. BURROW THE ORIGINAL MALVERN

BRIGHTEN YOUR HOMES BY DECORATING WITH **ASPINALL'S ENAMEL**

Beware of inferior imitations

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

PROMOTES HEALTHY ACTION OF THE SKIN
PROTECTS FROM FEVERS, MEASLES, SMALL POX, &c.
A LUXURY FOR THE BATH, INVALUABLE FOR THE NURSERY
ANTISEPTIC
TABLETS 6d.
RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL FACULTY

'K' BOOTS

WON'T WASH CLOTHES. MONKEY BRAND SOAP. WON'T WASH CLOTHES.

FOR CLEANING, SCOURING, AND SCRUBBING

FLOORS AND KITCHEN TABLES,

FOR POLISHING METALS, MARBLE, PAINT, CUTLERY, CROCKERY, MACHINERY, BATHS, STAIR-RODS.

FOR STEEL, IRON, BRASS AND COPPER VESSELS, FIRE-IRONS, MANTELS, &c.

REMOVES RUST, DIRT, STAINS, TARNISH, &c.

Printed by William Stroud Smith, of No. 35, Loraine Road, Holloway, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew, & Co., Limited, Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—Saturday, November 23, 1895.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.